

O, he hath sold the golden rings  
That linked his camel-reins,  
And the low song a mother sings  
Is all his sorrow gains.

Two rode home by the foam and the sand  
Between the night and the day,  
But one has stayed in Holy Land  
And cast his crown away.

*As his song ends, JEAN reaches the door, and stands within it, gazing at DORETTE, who remains in front of the Pieta. Then he enters the room.*

JEAN. Do you pray there to yourself?

DORETTE. Rather to God.

JEAN. Why, that's the better prayer.

You should not pray to yourself. You are too tender,  
You irised bubble of the clay, to bear  
The weight of worship. Prayer must not be made  
To the weak dust the wind cards presently  
About the world. Why, even your shadow, she,  
Madonna of the reddening cedar wood,  
Hath but a doubtful momentary power,  
A troubled consolation, and a look  
As though the air would rend her, or the fire  
Eat to swift ash. No comfort there for sinners.  
But you're no sinner, need no comforting  
Other than mine. As this, and this, and this.

DORETTE. You hurt me.

JEAN. I? What, hurt you with a kiss?  
Shall I go kiss her so?

DORETTE. It were a sin.

JEAN. Why, here's too much of sin, and sin, and sin.  
Go, get you to that chair.

DORETTE. Why do you look  
So strangely on me?

JEAN. Is my look so strange?